

THE
GROVE,
OR,
Love's Paradise.
AN
OPERA,

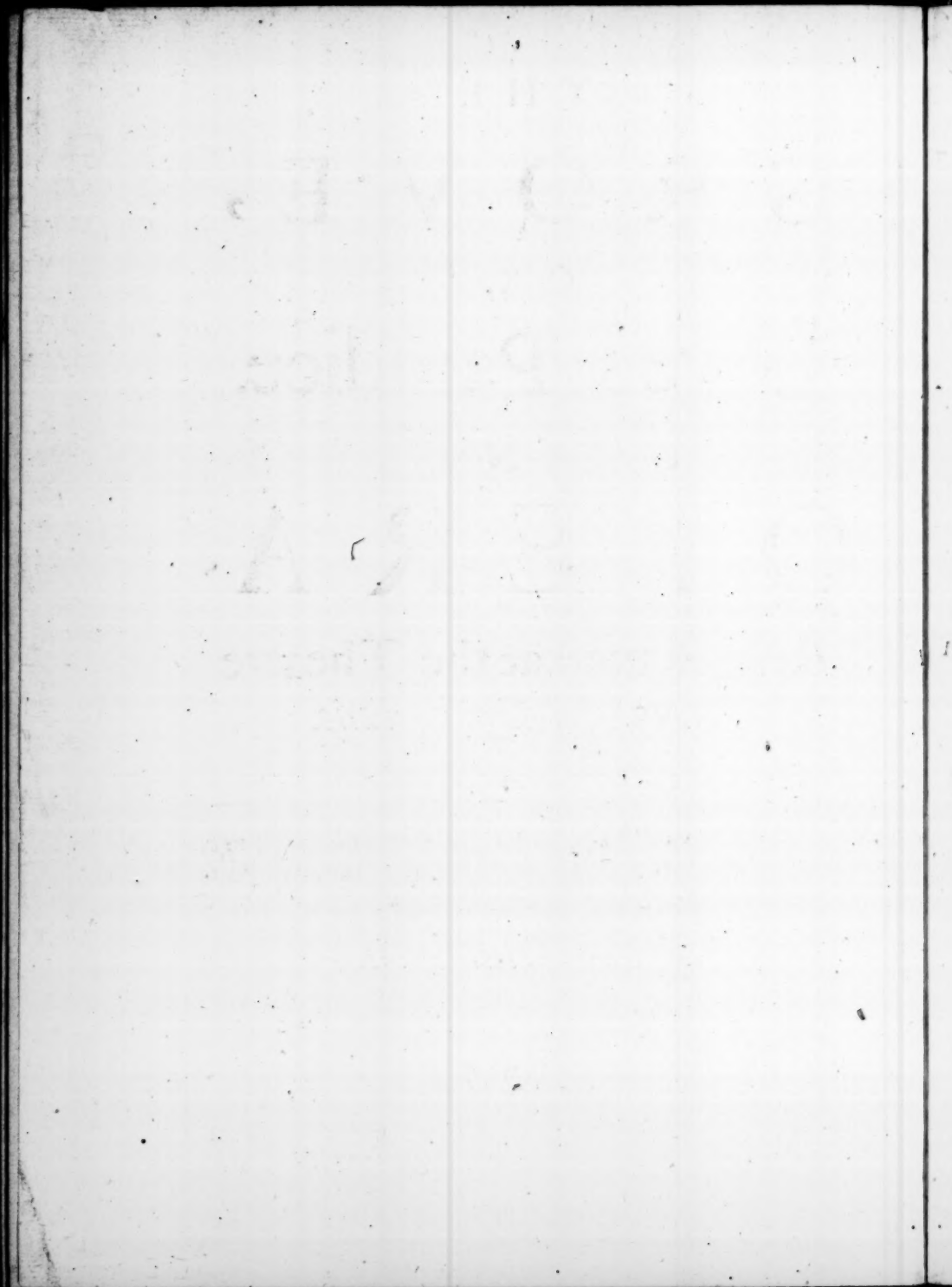
Represented at the Theatre
Royal in *Drury-lane*.

Aut famam sequere, aut Sibi Convenientia fingi.
Hor. Art. Poet.

By Mr *Oldmixon*.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Parker at the Unicorn under the Piazza
of the Royal Exchange in Cornhil. 1700.



T O

Mr. Freeman.

AT last, SIR, Fortune has put it in my pow'r to pay you some acknowledgement for the many obligations you have laid on me ; and I shall have the less reason to complain of her, if you receive this Present with as much pleasure as I give it ; of which I shou'd not despair, had I taken any other method in sending it to you. But what might have been welcome from a Friend, will not, I fear, be so agreeable from an Author. Tho your inclination for the Drama, your acquaintance with the Art, and the incouragement you have given those who devote themselves to it, are sufficient to warrant this Liberty in me, was I not otherwise secure in your Friendship. I can never believe you will condemn in publick, what you approve in private, and the Protection of one who knows how to defend what he thinks deserves it, is certainly more valuable than the greatest Name or the highest Quality. I had rather have the world convinc'd, that their favour to this Play is reasonable, than by taking sanctuary in the Degree or Interest of my Patron, forbid 'em the free use of their Understanding, and arbitrarily exact a Judgment from 'em, which in any other presence they would recant or disown.

The Poets have generally been careful not to Dedicate their Poems to those who knew their true value: This would not at all have answer'd their design. They chose out some persons who wanted every thing more than Money, and they have seldom miscarry'd in what they aim at most. Flattery is always sold to these to the best advantage ; and since it costs 'em nothing but a few Pieces, which they cou'd not tell how better to dispose of, the Trade has considerably advanc'd ;

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and those who deal in't, have commonly found their account by it. Fame is not the Mistress they Court : To talk of a future Reputation when a present Supply is to be rais'd, wou'd to them seem Silly and Extravagant. Indeed I think they are very much to be excus'd ; for a man must have little Stomach to hear of an Immortal Name, when his own puts him in mind of Mortality.

This has fixt a scandal on these Addressees, but like other good things, they ought not to suffer because they are abus'd; and while we are in a Humour of Reformation, 'twould be well if some amendment was begun in this too. That Authors wou'd make choice of Gentlemen, where they may be as liberal as they please of their Panegyrick, and yet preserve their Sincerity. Perhaps 'tis difficult to find many such Subjects, but that there are such, you are yourself an undeniable instance. You have given us a fair proof, that Business, Letters, Pleasure and Virtue, are not incompatible ; and that Wit, Judgment, and Good Manners, are not confin'd to the narrow limits of *Convent Garden*. If to be Idle is to be Useless, if Detraction is a Vice, Affectation Folly, and Pride a defect of the Soul, how many Wits and fine Gentlemen will at once lose their Characters ? You have on the contrary, preferr'd Care and Industry to Riot and Profusion, tho you might with others have pleaded the excuse of an ample Fortune. Your Wit does not support itself by Satyr, nor your Judgment by Malice, neither does your good Humour lose you any thing in the esteem of all that know you ; tho Spleen and ill Nature are grown so fashionable, that in some places you will be thought ridiculous, if you are not troublesome. But I forget this Epistle is to go farther than your own Family, and to bring you into others, who may not be so fond of this Theme as I am ; for there is nothing so tedious to Mankind in general, as an Encomium, where they are not themselves concern'd, let it be never so Just and Impartial.

I am,

Sir,

Your oblig'd humble Servant,

J. Oldmixon.

THE PREFACE.

I Never knew a Book get much by a Preface, nor a Play by this means advance in the Opinion of the world, unless it had triumph'd on the Stage. I think, however, we ought to acknowledge the favours of such as have us'd us well, and to inform the rest; 'tis possible they may be mistaken.

As far as this is my case, I believe the first consider'd a Man was accountable for no failings but his own, and if there was any thing amiss which was not the Author's, they were so just, as to distinguish between that part of the Drama which belong'd to him, and that which depended on others. As for the Persons who were not so generous as these, nor in any respect so considerable, who thought the Catastrophe was not enough prepar'd, and that the discovery in the last Act was huddled and in confusion, they will now see if what he had writ had been spoken, every thing wou'd have appear'd clear and natural, which, to shorten the Entertainment, had been before broken and disorder'd.

The Preface.

I might in the next place acquaint the Criticks, that this Play is neither Translation nor Paraphrase; that the Story is entirely new; that 'twas at first intended for a Pastoral, tho in the three last Acts, the Dignity of the Characters rais'd it into the form of a Tragedy, and with these reflections insinuate, as is usual, many things to my advantage.

But men are heard with impatience in their own Cause, and I shall prevail more by the Judgment and Candour of the Reader, than a vain account of my own performance.

As to what relates to the composition, no man ever consulted the meaning of Words more than Mr Purcel has done, and he has succeeded too well with the Publick, to want the applause of his Author.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

A <i>Readius</i> , Emperor of Greece,	Mr <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Endosius</i> , Prince of <i>Thrace</i> , living in <i>Italy</i> , disguis'd under the name of <i>Amintor</i> ,	Mr <i>Powel</i> .
<i>Adraftus</i> , his Brother,	Mr <i>Tomms</i> .
<i>Parmenio</i> , the Emperor's Favourite,	Mr <i>Gibber</i> .
<i>Nicias</i> , Captain of his Guards,	Mr <i>Thomas</i> .
<i>Alcander</i> , Servant to <i>Endosius</i> ,	
<i>Sileno</i> , a Shepherd.	

W O M E N.

<i>Aurelia</i> , Daughter to the Emperor,	Mrs <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Phylante</i> , her Confident,	Mrs <i>Temple</i> .
<i>Sylvia</i> , a Roman Lady,	Mrs <i>Oldfield</i> .

Officers, Guards, Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

S C E N E.

A Province of Italy, near the Gulph of Venice.

PROLOGUE.

PLays would no more, without a Prologue pass,
Than City Dinner wou'd without a Grace;
Like theirs too some have been so long and dull,
Before you taste, your Stomachs have been full.
Our Author's, to engage you for his treat,
Like hungry Chaplains, shall be short and sweet.
The Wits, he knows, are easy in their fare,
They make the Stage their pleasure, not their care.
The Criticks only like Informers sit,
To witness if we pass unlawful Wit.
Besides, the Poets have this hardship in't,
Each tries the Metal by his private Mint.
They talk of Rules, and those that break 'em scorn,
Yet none more forward when it serves their turn.
Good Sense and Nature ev'ry where should reign,
Where these are wanting they but talk in vain.
The precepts of their Art with heat they praise,
But draw the vile examples from their Plays.
Hard fate! if we must all their paths pursue,
Or win their favour by offending you:
To you bright Circle he commends his Cause,
They must to him, who to the world give Laws.
If Foreign Theatres, with mighty cost,
Of wondrous Scenes and Decorations boast;
Of opening Heav'ns, and Visions in the air,
They ne're cou'd shew so many wonders there.
Nor by the help of Magick or Machine,
Produce such Beauties, or so fair a Scene.
Tho awful terror in your eyes appears,
He less your Cruelty than Justice fears.
Yet by your sentence since he lives or dies,
He'll fall with Pleasure, or with Glory rise.

ACT

ACT I.

Scene an open Valley, whose Prospect is confin'd by a Mountain on one side, and Woods on the other, and the Sea at a distance forward.

Aurelia, Sylvia, Phylante *walking.*

Aur. **W** Ak'd by the early Mattins of the Lark
We leave our Down, and in this Sunny Vale
Suck the fresh breezes which embalm the air.

Syl. Thus in the tedious absence of your Lord,
We by variety of Sports contrive
To pass those hateful minutes with delight,
Which else would lag like years of want and pain.

Aur. Oh! 'tis an age, 'tis ages since my eyes
Fled last on his, and to my Soul convey'd
Unutterable pleasure.

Syl. Scarce the Sun
Has thrice in yonder Ocean sunk his beams
Since you beheld him, and may yet e're noon
Again behold, and have him in your arms.

Phyl. See there—descending from the hill I spy
A man, that tow'rs you seems to bend his course;
So swiftly now he crosses o're the Plain,
'Tis sure the Messenger of welcome news.

Aur. Oh! nothing can be welcome but my Lord.

Phyl. I see him, 'tis *Alexander*.

Aur. Ha! alone.

Where's my *Aminor*? Tell me, *Phylante*,
Has not *Arcadius* loaded him with Chains,
And sentenc'd him to Torture and to Death?

Syl. For what are you thus anxious of his Life?
How wild are all these fears.
You from *Aminor's* merit may expect
Arcadius has been lavish of his Grace,
And with Imperial honors crown'd your Love.

Aur. 'Tis not for us to think of Honors here;
 For what we never see, we ne're desire.
 My Soul, contented with our humble state,
 Leaves to the Great the glories of a Court;
 And in possession of these Shades and Love,
 Unenvy'ng and unenvy'd, taste delights,
 Which for *Elizium* I wou'd scarce resign.
 But oh ! If I, amidst of all this joy,
 Shou'd have *Amintor* raviisht from my arms,
 And see him perish by unnatural rage;
 This Vale will then be worse than *Libian* Wilds,
 All will be desert here, and all accurst,
 Forsook by ev'ry thing but by despair
 I then shall wander in a maze of woe,
 Till death too late o'retakes me.

Sylv. What can this mean ? This unexpected change,
 Gives me just reason to believe you've fears,
 Which you in vain endeavour to conceal;
 For I will know 'em, I that am your Friend,
 A name which claims the privilege of trust,
 Will know your worst of Fate, as I till now
 Have been the partner of your hours of bliss.

Enter Alcander.

Alc. Madam, my Lord.

Aur. Speak. Lives he ? Is he free ?

Alc. He Lives, is free, and o're this Realm of Peace,
 Created by the Emp'ror, Sovereign Prince,
 As this informs you further. *Giving a Letter.*

Aur. Yes 'tis his.

Look in my eyes, and you'll perceive 'tis his.
 Why do I tremble ? Is it fear or joy ?
 Whom shou'd I fear ? There's nothing sure in this :
 There's nothing which my Lord can send to me,
 But what is dear as Life, and soft as Love.
Reads. Impatient of thy absence, I commit
 In thee, the Treasure of my heart to Heav'n.
 Our Embassy with rapture was receiv'd :
 Our Flocks and Herds, the riches of the Plain,
 Preferr'd to heaps of Gold; and homage Crowns.
 I am declar'd a Prince, and thou shalt reign
 If we survive the danger of this day.
 The Emp'ror from our Foes or Fame has heard
 So much of our blest Mansion, and of thee,
 He begg'd to be my Guest, and with his Court,
 Intends to visit our retreat ere even.

I fly to thy relief, I can — no more.

Sylv. Why weep you, when your fortune is advanc'd
Above what you expected or desir'd,
The Empire of our hearts you had before,
But what was Friendship then is duty now,
Nor shall our Friendship make our duty less.

Ans. Arcadius.

Sylv. What of him? I know you think
This place not worthy of the Lord of Greece,
Tho tis not for magnificence or shew,
Or to see splendours equal with his own,
That he descends to be your guest,
'Tis to behold the sweetness of this Vale,
To hear the Musick of our Forest Quires,
And weary'd with perpetual Pomp, to see
How Solitude and Innocence can charm,
For you perhaps, this journey is design'd.
Your Beauty ———

Ans. Hold — I must not hear thee on;
Thou little know'st of whom, or what thou talk'st:
Ungratefully thy Friendship I've abus'd,
And kept the mystery of my fate conceal'd,
Which now alas, necessity reveals.
Come, gentle *Sylvia*, take me to thy heart,
Support me with thy Counsel, lest I sink
Beneath the burthen of my shame and fears:
Arcadius Is my Father

Sylv. When you first came a stranger to these Woods,
I ever thought you of divine descent,
And as I thought you then adore you now. *(kneels.)*

Ans. Oh rise my Friend, I will not see thee thus,
Say — does the Sun that glids this morning Sky
Shine on a Creature so forlorn as me,
Who can defend me from a Fathers frown,
A Father and an Emperor disobey'd?
Forgive me, that I dare not tell thee more,
Thou soon wilt guess, that Love was all my Crime.

Sylv. And Love, which was your crime is your defence.
Your story at your leisure I shall know.
But 'tis no more than I have often read
Of Princesses, who scorn'd the Beds of Kings,
When merit had before engag'd their hearts.
Your Father by his favour has approv'd
The choice you made, and all things will be well.

Aur. *Alexander* execute your Lords commands.
 You *Sylvia* see that all things be prepar'd
 Fit to receive the Master of the World,
 While I with Reason and with Love consult
 How best I may approach my Fathers wrath,
 How move his pity best, or daunt his rage. *Ex. Syl. Alc.*
 Oh my *Phylante*, how shall we escape
 This Dreadful interview, or rather meet
 The Storm which threatens to o'whelm us both.

Phy. You've little cause to fear, for you are blest
 In the fruition of your wishes, I
 Have much more reason to deplore my fate;
 An Exile from my Parents and my hopes,
 Yet in your Friendship I enjoy 'em all.

Aur. Oh how cou'd we foresee that we shou'd here,
 In this vile corner of the World, where none
 Scarce hear of *Greece* or of my Fathers name,
 How cou'd we think that here we shou'd have met
 The ruin, which we strove so much to shun?

Phy. Heaven always will protect the Innocent.

Aur. Who can be Innocent that disobey's
 A Fathers pleasure, and a Sovereign's Will?

Phy. Your Father wou'd have left you to your choice;
 The Empress forc'd him to oppose your Vows,
 And in her Brothers favour wrong your Love.

Aur. Wrong'd it indeed, for from our Infant years
Aminor still was promis'd to my Arms

But when *Pulcheria* dy'd was nam'd no more

Phyl. You were design'd the Prince of *Thrace's* Bride.

Aur. And who's *Aminor*, but the Prince of *Thrace*.

Adrastus who possesses now his realm,
 Whom thou and every one, that knows him loves,
 Was Privy to our flight, and the design
Eudofus form'd to save me for himself.

Phyl. 'Tis said that Prince was in *Arabia* slain.

Aur. 'Twas said so then, the better to conceal
 The Plot *Adrastus* had in *Greece* contriv'd,
 When he in Royal Embassy was sent
 To fetch me for his Brother, as before
 The Emperor and *Eudofus* had agreed.
 But all those Treaties with my Mother dy'd;
 And the new Empress a new Match resolv'd.
 How on this news *Eudofus* was enrag'd,
 How from his Court disguis'd he came to ours,
 What means he us'd to see me, and how soon

My Soul consented to be rul'd by him.
 I only for his Fame ador'd before ;
 This for some hour of leisure I reserve,
 The rest is known to thee.

Phy. I lik't implicitly the man you lov'd.
 Nor askt with whom we fled, but always thought
 His actions shew'd him of the race of Kings.
 Who now can say that Love forgets his Slaves ?
 Love that has led you thro such vast designs ;
 And when the world to find their Princess rose,
 That kept you from the search of Nations free,
 That watch'd you on the Waves, and to this shoar
 Of safety guided you, and blest your flight.

Anr. Love on his part has every thing perform'd,
 But what have I, *Phylante* ! done on mine,
 Rebellious and a Fugitive, can I
 Look on my Father and not sink with shame ?

Phy. For what ? He bid you love, and you obey'd.
 'Tis true, he bid you after this to change,
 But that was neither in his pow'r nor yours ;
 You fled. From whom ? *Placidia*, one who sought
 Your ruine, and can hurt you now no more.
 Her pride and spite are bury'd in her Grave ;
 The Emp'rour will behold you as his Child,
 And free'd from prejudice you'll then appear
 A Heavenly Treasure, which he once had lost,
 And now with rapture and amazement finds.

Anr. Thy words are extasy, thy very looks
 Declare thy Prophecy Divine ;
 And I already feel my transports grow ;
Arcadius will forgive me, I no more
 Shall clasp *Endosius* with reluctant arms.
 For when my heart with tenderness dissolv'd,
 Has giv'n itself to pleasure, say ye Groves,
 Ye Fountain, Hill and Dale, that know my Griefs,
 Has not my disobedience checkt my joy,
 And drawn, when we've for solitude retir'd,
 A thousand racking questions from my Lord,
 Which he no more shall ask, nor I provoke ?

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. Reason prevails and you're your self again,
 And this prophetic Peace declares you safe ?
 Yon in the Grove of pleasure, there are met
Sileno, *Daphne*, and the Nymphs whose sports
 Are us'd to entertain your hour of mirth,
 Who waiting your approach, prepare their Songs.

Anr.

Aur. This sure's no hour of Mirth, no time for sports
 Yet *Sylvia*, I'll endeavour to be calm,
 I'll set the fairest prospect to my View,
 And sooth my hopes with Visions of success.
 Come, my *Phylauté*, since from every Grove
 The cheerful Birds salute us with their Songs,
 Joyn thou thy better harmony with theirs,
 And lay the rising Tempest in my Soul ;
 Thy Voice is still the refuge of my care,
 Despair herself would listen to the Charm,
 And when thou entertainst her lose her sting :
Thrace, by the Magick of thy notes has heard
 More wonders, than her ancient fables boast.

SONG.

I.

IN Vain you tell me Love is sweet,
 And boast of his delights,
 I hear you talk of nothing yet,
 But restless days and nights,
 For when you have your wish enjoy'd,
 You find the bliss so small,
 You either think your Lover cloy'd,
 Or that you han't him all.

II.

Strange Magick when we see before
 So many Fools undone
 We long to make the number more,
 And on their Perils run.
 Tho thousands shou'd our hopes reprove,
 Who have their falsehood known,
 In this we'll trust, so weak is Love,
 No knowledge but our own.

Aur. The *Thracian* Prince may make the Fable true,
 And what you mean of others you may feel.
Phy. Young *Daphne* and *Sileno*, and the Youth
 Who to divert you, form a rural Quire
 With their diviner Lays, shall cure you griefs,
 And health to your distemper'd mind restore.
 You then whose Angel voices and whose looks
 To ravish every sense,
 In heavenly consort join

Attend !

And what I taught you for your Lords return;
To pleasure his belov'd and yours perform.

*The Front Scene opens and discovers a Circle of Seven Pillars adorn'd with
Garlands of Flowers. The Shepherds and Shepherdeses dancing within
it, to the Tune of the Chorus, which they sing as they Dance.*

Chorus.

Come all away,
Come and Sing and Dance and Play
'Tis the Shepherds holiday.

I Shepherd.

Leave the Mountain, Vale, and Home,
To the Grove of Pleasure come :
Never fear your Flocks will stray,
Pan protects 'em while we play.

Shepherdeses.

Happy Mansions, pleasant Shades,
Seats of Innocence and Ease ;
Gentle Shepherds, Tender Maids,
Sweet Abodes of Smiling Peace,
Ev'ry Grace and Joy possessing,
Welcome him that gives the Blessing.

Shepherds

Amintor's Watchful Care maintains
These Quiet Fields from harms,
His wisdom awes the rougher Swains,
The Mild his Goodness charms.
When Pan the Grecian Shepherds sway'd
He ne'er was more ador'd,
They out of Fear their God obey'd,
We out of Love, our Lord.

Shepherdeses.

When Venus, deckt with Heavenly Charms,
Once woo'd a Mortal to her Arms,
All but the cruel stupid Boy
Bebeld her with transporting Joy ;
The Flocks and Herds refus'd to graze,
And Men and Beasts cou'd only gaze.
Aurelia's Beauties thus appear,
Thus shining, thus transporting here.

Shepherd.

For him we Flow'ry Chaplets bring,
The fairest product of the Spring.

Shepherdes.

*For her we Crowns of Roses weave,
Which both with cheerful Looks receive,
And with as cheerful Hearts we give,
Thus Loving and Belov'd we live.*

Chorus.

Thus Loving and Belov'd we Live.

Aur. Oh force of Musick and Cælestial Song,
Which from profoundest misery can raise
A Soul to extasy, and tast of Heav'n
To you *Phylante*! I commit the charge
Of this great Festival, and from your care
Expect what nature, and what art can do.
The foremost of the *Græcian* Court arrive,
I see the Glorious Troop descend the Mount,
And love informs me, that my Lord is there,
To him I'll fly, and know what fate decrees;
From him the sharpest Message will be sweet,
Whose Voice is kinder to my Ear than sighs
Of wandring Rivers, or of evening Winds.

A March afar off.

Ex. Aur. Syl.

Phyl. Unhappy Princets! by ill fate persu'd
To these almost the limits of the World,
Oh fatal passion! Thus while I lament
Thy lost condition, I forget my own,
And Friendship always is too strong for Love,
For now that every hour I hope to see
What next to thee is dearest to my heart,
Thy danger sets before my eyes agloom,
Which hides the gawdy Vision from my view,
And makes it doubtful to me, if I ought
To mourn for thee, or to rejoice for him.
Sileno meet me at the Bow'rs of bliss,
There all shall have the Parts to each assign'd,
What best my thoughts can thus employ'd invent;
For something noble we must now prepare,
Something to ravish an Imperial Ear,
Tho from you only I expect success,
Whose Beauties equal with your Voices please.

Ex. omnes.

ACT

 A C T II.

Scene a Fountain with Bowers of Myrtle around it, a Shepherdess lying in one that fronts the Stage sings.

S O N G.

TO Hill and Dale I tell my Care,
 To Rocks and Streams how I despair;
 To faithless Winds my fortune mourn,
 The Winds in sighs my plaint return;
 The Streams in murmurs, Hill and Dale,
 And hollow Rocks my fate bewail
 In Echoes kindly they resound
 My moan, and seem to feel my wound:
 He only that should bear is deaf,
 He only that can give relief,
 Despises me, and mocks my grief.

}

Phylante, Sileno, *Shepherds and Shepherdesses come to her as she*
Song begins.

Phyl. What hapless Virgin haunts these lonely Bow'rs,
 Who with these mournful sighs disturbs our Plays?
Myrilla? then 'tis but affected grief,
 Such beauty ne'r had reason to despair.
 Come, you to other notes must tune your voice,
 To sing of Gods, and win immortal praise.
Sileno, since you challenge us to try
 Whose Layes have greater influence on the Soul,
 Whether the Trumpets lofty sounds prevail,
 Less than the dying whispers of your Flutes.
 Exert your utmost skill, for we accept
 Your offer, and your Valley shall resound
 With Musick, such as Echo ne'r can learn.

Sileno. We boast no skill, but from our artless Songs
 Expect success, which Nature never fails.
 When Birds untaught in Woods and Forests sing,
 Their notes seem wild, and not so just as ours,

There's something in 'em yet which charms our ears
 More than the finest graces of your art :
 Why mayn't our Voices, uninflam'd like theirs,
 Give the same Pleasure, tho they seem as wild.

Amintor (or Eudofius) and Aurelia.

Phyl. Amintor and Aurelia ! Let's retire,
 And in the thickest of this beauteous shade
 Attend their leisure to approve our mirth,
 There meditate the business of the day,
 And the rewards which we expect from Fame.

Aur. I have thee, my *Eudofius*, I have all
 That Heav'n can give me of my hearts desire :
 I have thee, but how long shall I enjoy
 The mighty blessing ? this is all my fear,
 And this the source of these untimely tears.
 My Father——

Eud. 'Tis not in the power of Man
 Nor Gods to part what Love so firmly joyns ;
 Nor have we liv'd for many rolling years
 In sweet fruition of our wish, and past
 Thro dangers eminent on both the Mains,
 To fall at last by him that gave thee life.

Aur. He'll look on me perhrps as on a Child,
 The pangs of Nature may oppose his rage,
 I in the combat of his soul be safe,
 But how will you escape his dire revenge.
 He'll view thee as the robber of his house,
 That stole his dearest treasure thence, and lives
 Unlicens'd in possession of those joys,
 Which he and only he had right to give.

Eud. That right by solemn Oaths he gave to me,
 Himself first tempted me to soar so high,
 To gaze upon thy Beauties with desire,
 And when he wou'd have flung me from the Heav'n
 To which his promise had advanc'd my hopes,
 Oh was it possible for me to leave
 Such Sweetness, such Divinity as thine :
 And yield thee to the bosom of thy Foe ?
 What Danger cou'd have driven me to this,
 For whom had I to please but thee ?
 Oh ! were his power omnipotent as *Jove's*,
 His will as sacred, and his wrath as fierce,
 And I beheld thee thus profusely kind,
 What fear cou'd interdict me thy embrace ?
 What duty check my transport, or defend

My arms, this circle of incessant joy ?

Aur. To have thee thus, *Eudofius*, tho I saw
My Father darting from his awful brow
His keenest arrows, yet my soul secure
In extasy, wou'd brave 'em all for thee.

Eud. Away with sorrow, Fate already shews
A boundless store of happiness reserv'd
To recompence the troubles we have past.

Aur. What made *Arcadius* visit our retreat ?
What made this show'r of favour fall on thee ?

Eud. When, chosen by these Provinces, I went
To pay the homage which our Lord requires,
Our Presents, Flocks and Herds, and crowns of Flow'rs,
Were to the wealth of *Italy* preferr'd.
He askt me, whence this plenty, and these Youth ?
Who rul'd for him, the Region whence they came ?
And ravish't with their Elegance and Looks,
Declar'd this morn *Amintor* for their Lord,
As they with tears of earnestness implor'd.
Of you, Sir, smiling from the Throne on me,
He said, we've heard such wonders, we resolve
To see the Paradise which you possess,
And be our self a witness of your sports.

Aur. *Adrastus* — — what of him ?

Eud. My care of thee
Prevented me from being further known :
For tho I dy'd to take him to my heart,
I durst not let our Friendship then appear,
Lest, ere we were prepar'd to meet his frown,
Arcadius had been jealous of our loves,
And we unheard had falln before his wrath,
Which now we may defeat, or else avoid. *Trumpets are heard.*

Aur. Hark, others of the Royal Train arrive,
The Trumpet echoes in this Vale of Peace,
A noise more dreadful than the din of War. *Enter Edrastus.*

Eud. Sink on my breast, and lose thy terrors there.
Oh, my *Aurelia* ! if thou yet hast life,
Look on a sight which will enchant thy Soul.
My Brother ! why dost thou behold me thus ?
Why cruelly detain thee from my arms ?
What message hast thou brought, are we proscrib'd ?
Is Death presented us by thee, my friend ?
I cannot argue with thee, nor endure
This distance. Oh *Adrastus* !

Adra. Amazement ! My *Eudofius* strikes me dumb ;
My Prince, my Brother, and my dearest Friend,

To see thee, and embrace thee thus alive,
Is more than weak humanity can bear.
Forgive me, Madam, Nature flows so high
That I had almost lost my duty here. *Kneels.*

Aur. Oh rise, *Adrastus*, we're not now in *Greece*;
This posture suits not with our humble state.

Adra. A thousand questions I have next to ask
Of my own Love, a thousand then of yours.

Aur. *Phylante's* busy'd with her Rural friends,
And in our Groves instructing 'em to sing,
But she shall leave her talk to welcome you. *Ex. Aurel.*

Eud. That sigh which from thy bosom broke its way,
Discovers thou hast Secrets in thy heart
Which shake thy inmost Soul. Oh speak, my Friend!
Thou thinkst perhaps, that in these lowly weeds,
This pomp of ease, I dare not look on Fate,
Nor hear the name of danger, or of death.

Adr. Oh my *Eudofim*, 'tis not this which swells
That storm which rages in my breast: I know
You ever were insensible of fear:
Nor is there cause of dread in our approach.
The Emp'rour oft has mourn'd your loss, and curst
His fond compliance with *Placidia's* will.

Eud. Why those unmanly drops than in thy eyes?
Can I have joys in which thou wilt not share?
Can I have pleasures which are none to thee?

Adr. Yes! you have pleasures that my Nature loathes;
To meet you thus a stranger to the world,
Deckt like a Virgin for the Bridal morn,
To find you thus in wanton Exile live,
Involv'd in fatal Luxury and Peace.
Your childish train like *Cupids* in our plays,
Your house the Image of the *Paphian* Court,
Breathing rich odours to debauch your sense,
And use you to forget your thirst of Fame.
Is this d' think delightful to a Friend,
Who once beheld you in the dusty Field,
Pierce thro the thickest of the Foes of *Greece*?

Eud. Did'st thou not see the vision, that e'en now
With dazzling lustre fill'd this place, which Earth
Can't equal, nor the spangled worlds above?
Did'st thou not see her, shed her beams on me,
Her sweetest Influence, and wou'd'st thou leave
Such happiness, for Empire or for Fame?

Adr. When Love opposes Glory, tho 'tis worse

Than

Than death to quit such fulness of delight :
 Yet Fame, Ambition, and your peoples wants,
 Shou'd rouse you from this Lethargy of ease,
 And snatch you from the Syrens fatal charm.

End. To thee this life, which now thou woud'st condemn,
 To thee I owe this exile and this ease.
 Thy Counsels first inspir'd me to resign
 My States to thee, and in some distant Realm,
 Secure my Princess from a Foes embrace.
 By thee my people of my death were told,
 The faith they ow'd to me they've sworn to thee,
 Nor let thy jealousy disturb thy reign,
 'Tis that or Envy urges this reproach.

Adr. By Heaven you wrong me, I despise your Throne.
 The Honour of our House, which I prefer
 To Life, or Sovereign Dignity's concern'd ;
 And not to speak was to betray my friend.
 But 'tis too late, I see you stand unmov'd,
 You're deaf to every sound but sighs of Love :
 Forgive me, 'tis too bold a truth, I've done.

End. Oh my *Adrastus*, why dost thou attempt
 To vex my tortur'd mind beyond its force ?
 Dost thou not think the trouble of this day,
Aurelia's danger, and thy Brother's care,
 Sufficient to suppress me ? Thou shalt see,
 Insulted by the Waves of adverse Fate,
 The Billows all shall break away in foam,
 And beat on me as on a shoar of Flint ;
 But when a future Calm serenest our Sky,
 When we have sported on a Sea of Joy,
 And Peace is to this Land of Love restor'd,
 I'll raise a Nation here, whose name shall live,
 When Greece shall be no more. *Enter Aur. and Phyl.*

Adr. There spoke the Genius of our Godlike Line.
 But oh ! how vain my Reasons had appear'd,
 Had these been here, before whose conqu'ring Eyes
 The wisest and the bravest fall.
 And Love is Truth and Fame.

Phyl. Welcome, my Lord, to this blest Realm and me.
 To see you here, and not to wish you well,
 Had I ne'er known your merit, had been base,
 But to the Brother of a friend I owe——

Adr. Oh say not to the Brother of a Friend ;
 You owe to me, your Lover and your Slave,
 All that to years of Constancy is due.
 Oh my *Phylante* !

Phyl.

Phyl. Nay, my Lord, forbear ;
 What for the tryal of my Friendship's done
 Is what again I'd for *Aurelia* do ;
 Our Souls were one before I heard your name,
 And when I saw to what she was expos'd,
 Had I abandon'd her to Wilds and Seas,
 To wander o're the pathless world alone,
 Say— wou'd you then have thought me worth your heart ?
Aur. Too long you wattle your Minutes in dispute.

Enter Sileno, Shepherds and Shepherdessees.
 Behold, my Lord, the Natives of this place,
 With what surprize they view your Princely mien,
 The pride of Courts by them unseen till now.
 Oh happy Ignorance; that never felt
 The sting of wild Ambition, which will oft,
 Ev'n in these humble Mansions vex my Soul.

Enter Sylv. and Messenger.
Mess. The Emp'rour with his Train are on their way,
 And at the Palace now will soon arrive.

Sylv. We are all ready to receive the Court,
 With splendour equal to their mighty name.

Phyl. Advance *Sileno*, let the sports begin,
 We'll have no time to think of future ills.
 The Fury Terror, by our Lays disarm'd,
 Shall cease to sting, and fly the Magick sound.
 For shou'd your Musick be preferr'd to ours,
 The sighs of Lover to the voice of War :
 Or be the Conquest, Shepherds, yours or mine,
 We're sure to triumph o're our Judges both.

After a Symphony of Hautboys and Flutes, Sileno sings.

*Ye Birds, who in our Forests sing,
 Ye Winds, that wanton with our Trees,
 Ye Streams, that murmur to forsake your Spring,
 Be silent, ye outrageous Seas,*

Attend the Rural Song :
*'Tis Love's the theme, Love all our Lays employs,
 Parent of Heavenly Verse, and heav'nly Joys ;
 With numbers soft as their Desires,
 With Words and Notes which speak their Fires,
 He warms the Tuneful Throng.*

Then the Trumpets play, and the Kettle-Drums. That over,
 A Lady sings.

Cease

*Cease your Amorous Pipes and Flutes,
The Trumpet for the Prize disputes;
The Swains must listen to a loftier sound,
You only flatter their despair,
The Trumpet drives away their Care,
And makes 'em languish for a nobler wound.*

Sileno. *Hark! what frightful notes I hear,
Which Eccebo is tormented to reply;
The trembling Sheep and Shepherds fly;
The Plain and Mountain struck with deadly fear;
This Clangor sure was made for Death;
Our Pipes and Flutes have no such fatal breath.
They ease our Pains, they sooth our Care;
These sounds wou'd drive us to Despair;
Forbear the dreadful notes, forbear.*

Flutes and Hautboys again.

Shepherd. *See, the trembling Sheep revive,
The Shepherds seem again to live.*

Shepherds. *These gentle murmurs suit our Shades,
And best our Passions move;
With pity they inspire our Maids,
And teach our Youth to Love.*

Chorus. *These gentle, &c.*

Hautboys and Flutes again.

Aur. You both have happily perform'd your part,
By one transported, by another charm'd,
You both excell'd by turns. *a March is heard.*

Eud. Again the noble Clangor rends our Caves,
And tells us our Imperial Guest is nigh,
This the important hour on which depends
Our lasting Peace, and this begins with smiles.
Oh may't not prove, as we have sometimes seen,
A stormy noon succeed a chearful morn?
But why shou'd we the worst of fortune fear,
Love was our crime, and Love is master here:

Ex. Omnes.

End of the Second Act.

ACT

 A C T III.

 Scene a Hall of the Palace, Representing the
 Court of Pan.

After the Song of Fame is over, Pan rises (while the Musick plays) in a Wood, being several rows of Trees illuminated. All the Actors on the Stage, A Warlike Tune.

Fame. **T**Hro wondring Worlds I Cæsar's worth proclaim,
 The Nations tremble at his mighty name :
 My hundred Tongues his matchless deeds declare,
 In Peace his Wisdom, or his Force in War.
 Himself at rest, my Labours never cease
 To spread his Vertues, or in War or Peace.

Pan. What voice is this, to me unknown,
 What noise, which in the Elysian Shades
 Disturbs my quiet Reign ?

If God or Goddess, hence be gone,
 Nor vex our Youth, nor fright our Maids,
 But leave to me the Plain ;

I know thee by thy hundred Tongues,
 Thy hundred Ears, and thousand Eyes,
 To Court go sing thy flatt'ring Songs,
 Among the Great disperse thy Lyes,
 Nor raise Confusion in our peaceful Land.
 And you, who reign with Pan below,
 Ascend ; and ye who rove in Wilds,
 Or press the Vine, or watch in Fields,
 Whose the Crook, or bend the Bow,
 Appear at my Command.

Satyr, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Bacchanalian, Hunters,
 Huntresses.

Hunters and Huntresses.

We come from the Mountain, and hunting the Fox.

Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

And we from the Valley, and keeping our Flocks.

Satyr. I come from the Forest, and plucking up Trees.

Bacchanalian. And I from the Wine-press, and sucking fat Lees.

Chorus. At Pan's great Command we leave Working and Play,
Thou art our call, which with joy we obey.

Ceres

Ceres ascends.

*Ceres. Where's my Pan, my Lord, my Love,
Why flies he from the Sacred Grove,
Why flies he from his Ceres arms,
For mortal Beauty, leave immortal Charms?*

*Pan. One of the Gods, who rule on Earth,
Descends to visit now the Plain;
For him we bring forth all our mirth;
For him too summon you your Train.
Our Presence shall their Rural Triumphs grace,
And with celestial lustre fill the place.*

*Ceres. Ye Men and Maids, who cut the Ear,
Or bind the bounteous Sheave,
Who reap the Golden Meads appear,
A while your Labour leave.*

Binders and Reapers.

*Reap. Our work at an end, we'll awhile go to play,
To Binding and Reaping a much better way.
This Harvest thus in, for the next we will Plow,
And if we expect a new Crop we must Sow.*

*Bind. Not so hasty, you're too warm;
Thus all Renters for a year,
When they mean to leave a Farm,
Care not what they wear or tear.
Come ——— Man, since you are so stout,
Take a Lease on't, and be merry,
There's no fear you'll wear it out,
When you are oblig'd to tarry.*

*Reap. Oh talk not of Leases, I hate 'em, my Honey,
Your Copy Lands are for men who have Money.
When I rent at my will, I can do as I please;
And had much rather Hold by another mans Lease.*

*Bind. You and I shall never deal,
Put an end then to the strife,
Give me both your Hand and Seal,
And the Soil is yours for Life.*

*Reap. By my troth 'tis too hard, as the Taxes go now,
When my Landlord paid all, we more freely could sow;
But since I have try'd it, and know how 'twill bear,
'Tis a bargain between us.*

Bind. For Life.

Reap. For a Year.

For two Voices.

*Pan & Ceres. Plenty, mirth and gay delights,
Pleasant days, and blissful nights;
All the sweets of Love and Peace,*

Numerous Flocks and large Increase,
 Ever blest you, Joy attend ye,
 Pan and Ceres still besfriend ye,
 While they descend Fame appears. The Trumpet sounds.
 Fame. Away with all these fatal Charms,
 Away with these deluding Sounds,
 The notes that rouse the fearful Camp to Arms,
 That from the Coward drive his false alarms,
 And make him dauntless look on death and wounds.
 Fame to these Woods again restores,
 And with the Emperors potent name torments the labring Shores.

While the Musick is performing, *Arcadius* seems to talk very earnestly with *Parmenio* and *Nicias*.

Eud. Observe, *Adrastus*, how *Arcadius* stands.
 Unmov'd by Harmony, or Artful shew:
 Ev'n I who trembling on the brink of fate,
 Behold the horrid Precipice, am charm'd.
 What cares are his superiour then to mine?

Par. The Emper'or, weary'd with the days fatigue,
 Wills, that all leave him but the Prince of *Thrace*.

Ex. Om. but Arc. Ad. Par. and Nic.

Arc. That I have cause to think I am betray'd,
 This wealth, with which our own can scarce compare
 These Tow'rs, these rich Alcoves, these Gilded Roofs,
 And all this bright magnificence declare.
 Is this the dwelling of a private Swain?
 This the retreat of discontent and love?
 The Mines of *Asia*, and the *Ethiop* Sands;
 Scarce in the course of ten abundant years,
 Produce more Treasures than my Eyes behold.
 I see you know the Master of this place,
 Already grown his confident and friend.
 You have your secrets and your private talk,
 While I with Fairy Dance and Song amus'd,
 Play with my danger, as the Pilot steers
 Tow'rd's the sweet Voice which tempts him to the Rock.

Adr. Yourself, my Lord, discover'd first his worth,
 You, who so soon advanc'd him to a Throne,
 Might well expect th' admiring world would gaze
 With more than common pleasure on the man,
 Whom, from profoundest solitude, you chose
 To wear a Scepter, and to sit with Kings.

Arc. This solitude so gloriously adorn'd,
 These Riches hidden in a Diamond Cave,
 Aight tempt a Hermits Faith, and make him view

The Empire of the world with lustful Eyes,
Nor dropt they like yon gay Machines from Heav'n,
Nor is it painted Wealth, but Massy Gold.
Have you not heard him boast his high descent.
What Princess, careless of her Nuptial Vow,
Has bred this Issue of polluted Love,
To nourish Treason here, and prove at last
Her injur'd Monarch's ruin, and his shame?

Adr. This of a Prince? and underneath his Roof?

Arc. You're toucht, Sir, and would tell me this is base
Ingrate, Inhospitable, and unjust,
Your Eyes convict you, and your glowing Cheeks
Burn with projected Mischiefs.
But Princes must not trifle with their Fate,
From whence this Rural prodigy? What Realm
Could spare the Treasure that supports this Cost?

Adr. He told you whence himself,
From this blest Land where Peace and Safety dwell,
Where no projected mischiefs e're were form'd.
No Princess, careless of her Nuptial Vow,
E're thought to wrong her Monarch, or prophane
This Vale of innocence with lawless love.

Arc. The secret which you dare not trust with me,
Is brooding mischiefs of the blackest form.
Prince! you're my Pris'ner till the truth is known.

Adr. Is this the safety of an Emp'rors Faith?
But that the Crown which glitters on your brow
Commands submission, and forbids my arm
The vengeance to a Sovereigns honour due,
These chains shou'd never else affront your name,
My self wou'd else be Guardian of your Oath,
And force you to be just.

Arc. Guards! till you hear from us observe the Prince;
To all but those whom we allow, defend
Admittance near him, 'tis our lifes concern. *Ex. Nic. with Adr.*
Next him, by whom I reign, I know no pow'r
Superiour to my own. No Judge, who durst
Declare against my pleasure that is wrong,
Which the Imperial word pronounces right.
I for this deed can answer to my self,
The world must then be satisfy'd.

Par. 'Tis evident, the Treason's grown mature.
What Interest has *Adrastus* in this man?
This rising Comet, whose portentous look
To Nations threatens ruin.
Is this the Mansion of a Village, Lord?

The *Roman* Chiefs, in their triumphal pride,
 Were never more illustrious in their sports,
 Than thole ev'n now with wonder I behold.
 The Prince, by nature turbulent and proud,
 Brooks not the narrow limits of his *Thrace* ;
 With envy he beheld *Byzantium's* wealth,
 When for his Brother, with opprobrious terms,
 He wou'd have forc'd your Daughter from your arms.

Arc. Oh ! thou hast rous'd a fury in my breast,
 Which stings me worse than Scorpions fiery tongues,
 Why didst thou name my Daughter ? she was once
 The blessing of my Youth,
 The glory of my Court,
 The fairest product of *Pulcheria's* Love:
 But now a wanderer in some barren Clime;
 Driv'n by my cruelty to spend her Spring,
 With a vile ravisher in want and pain.

Par. 'Tis time, my Lord, to think of this no more;
 What we can't help we must with patience bear,
 And when you're thus by threatening dangers prest;
 Look forwards to prevent the future ills.

Arc. What wou'd'st thou that we do ? I yet can see
 No ills, but such as from suspicion rise,
 Perhaps as Idle as *Adrastus's* threats.

Par. In *Rome*, 'twas whisper'd that *Byzantium's* Streets
 With *Thracian* Captains swarm'd, and *Thracian* arms,
 Your self has heard the Rumours which have spread
 Of Armies on the Borders to revenge
 An injur'd Brother, true — the rumours dy'd,
 But still the Injury, as they tell you, lives.

Arc. Again, thy just reproaches rack my Soul;
 To what wou'd'st thou perswade me ?

Par. To be safe.
 The business of my days, my nightly care
 Is to preserve you from the strokes,
 Of such as dare not meet you in the Field.

Arc. What plots hast thou discover'd ?

Par. None, my Lord ?
 Howe'er, I thought it strange to see the Prince
 Abandon *Thrace*, and hear *Amintor's* name
 So often chanted in your ears with praise:
 Nor were his Friends contented till their pray'rs
 Extorted from your bounty what 'tis plain,
 They meant to take without your gift, a Crown.
 Why, when this Journey was at first propos'd,

Were

Were there such reasons giv'n you to adjourn
 The visit, or dissuade you from't ? And when
 He saw you wou'd not listen to him. Why
 Must he be foremost, was he not afraid,
 His friends might be surpriz'd, or unprepar'd.
 It may be only Fancy, but if e're
 My Loyalty foresaw a black design,
 And was of service to your Empire, now
 This very hour, the wit of Hell's at work,
 And you're the destin'd Victim.

Arc. Heav'n! he shakes
 With honest fears, do with me what thou wilt,
 We'll to the City, 'arm the *Roman* bands,
 And storm the Palace in the face of noon.
Adr. No, 'tis not worth your care, command your Guards
 To seize on every Post which may oppose
 Assistance from the Province. This at first
 They must with utmost secrecy perform ;
 While I by promis'd Tortures and Rewards,
 Discover from *Amintor's* Slaves, how long
 Their Lord has known the Prince of *Thrace*, and whence
 Their Master, and this Mass of Riches came.

Arc. Be careful of my name, nor let the world
Re-enter Nic.

Report my Host insulted by his Guest,
 On groundless Tales, and visionary Fears.
 I'll give directions to my Guards : The rest
 Is left to thee. Be wise. *Ex. Alc.*

Par. Be so yourself, fond Emp'ror !
 Was not your Reason clouded by your fears,
 The Tyrant passion of your Soul, you soon
 Wou'd see thro' all my airy Plots ; and Truth
 And Innocence wou'd shine like perfect day.
 Well, *Nicias* ! thou, I know art pleas'd to see
 The hour, for which we oft have wish'd to find.
 The Lord of *Greece* from Foreign Counsels free,
 Consents to hear his Friends, and own their Love :
 How suits Confinement with *Adrastus*, say ?
 Does he not rage, and like a Forrest Boar
 Entangled in the Snare, by raging close
 The toil the faster on him.

Nic. Yes !
 A while; his wild resentment threaten'd VVar,
 And with injurious words, denounc'd to *Greece*
 Eternal Enmity : But most to you.
 The Emp'ror and the Empire's ruin. This

He

He oft repeated in outrageous Phrase,
And darted from his Eyes avengeful fires.

Par. I laugh to hear him talk of War in Chains.

His Fury's impotent, his Sword is mine,
He lives, but till my Love has full revenge,
And reacht *Phylanté's* Image in his heart.

Oh! thou remember'st when the cruel Maid,
Deaf to my sighs, and heedless of my tears,
Profusely on him lavish't guilty smiles,
And spurn'd me from her feet with utmost scorn.
The curst remembrance of that shameful hour,
Is fatal to my Foe—— He dies.

Nor can *Arcadius* save him, 'tis too late;
Tho' as he's won't, he shou'd this minute change,
His breach of Treaty's ne're to be compos'd,
But to be safe, the Prince of *Thrace* must dye,

Nic. Or *Greece* must perish by intestine broils,
Brothers by Brothers fall, and Friends by Freinds,
Which to prevent——

Par. Ay *Nicias*, that's my task.
To hinder this the *Thracian* Prince must bleed,
The Emp'ror seize his State.

Nic. For what?

Par. That's left
To me, and if my Vengeance proves so weak,
It can't find reasons for his death, 'tis just
My wrongs unpunisht should be still my shame.
I know thee, faithful *Nicias*, that with thee
My most important secrets are secure.

Aminor, or whatever else he's stil'd,
When his Friends safety calls, perhaps may arm
The Province h'as obtain'd, but what he meant
Of service to the Prince shall prove his doom.

The *Roman* Guards at several Posts are plac'd,
To quell the Village Tumults in their rise.
Thy charge, of highest moment, is within:

Let none without the Imperial Signet see
Adraſtus, 'twill enrage him yet the more,
And that the more encrease the Emp'rors fears,
On which my hopes depend.

Enter Eud. and Alca.

Nic. My Lord, our Host:

Par. Retire, expect anon
Instructions further from me.

My business now is not with him, but yet
Tis criminal to love the man I hate. *Ex. Par. & Nic.*

End.

Eud. Confin'd, without my knowledge, in my house,
Against the faith of Nations and of Leagues ;
From thee who never didst deceive me. This
Wou'd scarce be credible, but that the looks
Of him, who there avoided us, declare
The guilt of wicked Counsels, and confirm
Thy just report, and make our danger sure,
Oh my *Aurelia* !

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Tell me why that sigh ?
Is it for me thy nature's on the rack ?
For me, that these Convulsions shake thy Soul.
Oh let me share the anguish of thy mind
Say — We must dye — Alas ! I know we must,
And in my Crime rejoyce, my Love of thee.
Fate in thy Brother has begun her spoils,
Our Lot I know is next.

Eud. Oh cease thy tears.
And if 'tis in thy heart to love me less,
In pity to us both attempt it now :
For while I see thee thus endearing-kind,
I grow a Coward, and cou'd wish to live.
Think of the Glories thou hast left, the worlds
That would have kneel'd before thee but for me.
Think of the heats that oft have parcht thy limbs,
The tedious nights which we have liv'd in Snow,
The Tempests which have tost thee on the Main,
The hateful Exile thou hast since endur'd,
The terrors that assault thee. Think on this,
And then behold me as the cause of all.

Aur. Oh ! I for ever cou'd behold thee thus.
For ever feast my longing eyes on thine.
Thee, the last object that shall bless their Rayes,
And give my parting Soul a taste of heav'n ;
For heav'n, they tell us, is but perfect Love,
And mine's perfection when I look on thee.

Eud. Why, when my care presag'd this dreadful hour
Why did my Brother bring us hopes of peace,
Or that thy Father would forgive our flight,
When thou the darling of his age were't found ?
Oh thou art found to him, but lost to me.
The fatal secret's known, my Friend in Chains,
This, this, *Aurelia*, racks me worse than Wheels;
I've liv'd a Slave too long, a worthless Slave,
I've seen my Brother injur'd to my face,
And Patient of his bonds expect my own.
Wou'd I in *Thrace* have suffer'd this from Kings ?

My house by Foreign pow'rs prophan'd,
 Has he then mockt me with a Sovereigns name,
 The word that said it was the voice of Heav'n
 Pronounc'd by him, and here 'tis mine to Reign ?
 Oh, had th' *Arabian* Host beheld me thus,
 Thus passivè in my wrongs, they ne're had fled
 From *Thracian* Arms, nor shunn'd the Victors Sword.

Aur. Cease the remembrance of that glorious day,
 Talk not of War, your business is with Love.

Eud. My business is with Death ?

Aur. Oh ! speak, my Lord,
 You think too much on things which long are past,
 I'll to my Father, tell him of our Loves.

Eud. And beg him, wou'dst thou not to let us live,
 By Heav'n, I scorn to owe my Life to one,
 Who can't defend his own,
 I'll glve my Brother liberty or dye,
 Nor wou'd I yield to live till he is free ?

Alexander to Demetrius — Let him know
 Our danger, 'tis enough, and tell his Friends
 That if we want their aid, they be prepar'd *Ex. Alc.*
 Come, my *Aurelia* ! See, my Fury's o're,
 And I am gentle now as Lovers dreams.

Aur. With you indeed 'tis but a dream to love,
 Which waking, you forget, or blush to own.
 Off — Off — I dare not gaze, for never man
 Could look so much like truth, and be so false.

Eud. Oh why this language, to my ear unknown ;
 By thee too left, I'm wretched then indeed.
 Come — While this minute is our own, and whose
 The next shall be, or where we next shall meet,
 Is only known to Fate. While this is ours,
 Come — Let us spend it like the rest in love.

Aur. That word from thee's like sounds of empty air.
 Love always best is in obedience seen.

Had I been dear to thee, thou ne're hadst thought
 Of War, nor mention'd it against my Will,
 And who's this Foe with whom thou wou'dst contend
 The Father of thy Wife,
 Thy Empror and thy Guest.

From thee by Guards and Troops of Slaves secur'd,
 And what wou'dst thou oppose to this, a band
 Of Village Heroes arm'd with Crooks and Staves.
 Wert thou in *Thrace*, thy Armies on their march
 Led on by thee and *Greece*, the destin'd Prize.
 Dost think thy Feudatory Realm, a Match

For the great Empire of the world.
 Had I been dear to thee, as thou hast sworn,
 Thou wou'd'st not to offend me act like one
 Whom Reason has forlook.

Eud. Was I in *Thrace*, my Armies on their march,
 And the great Empire of the world the Prize,
 Thus govern'd, I should think of *Philip's* Son,
 Who with a chosen few subdu'd the East,
 And made the proud *Euphrates* flow with Blood.
 But in this peaceful Region, where I see
 A Prize much fairer than the subje& World,
 What wou'd I not ?

Aur. Thy Eyes speak what thou wou'd'st, and they are truth,
 They force belief beyond a thousand Oaths.
 We wander in the dark, misled by fear ;
 For was the secret known, thy self wou'd first
 My Fathers Vengeance feel, if Vengeance still
 Is in his breast reserv'd ; of him inform'd,
 For what *Adrastus* suffers, you may then ;
 Or arm, or sue for Peace, as we resolve.

Eud. We all dispute in vain with what we love.
 I'll to *Arcadius*, shew him how this deed
 VVill ever be injurious to his Fame.
 Thou to *Phylante*, and forget thy griefs,
 To lessen hers, who now abounds in woe.
 These dangers cannot long our Loves molest,
 For death or pardon soon must bring us rest .

Ex. Omnes.

End of the Third Act.

A C T IV.

Scene an Apartment before that where *Adrastus*
 is confin'd.

Aur. Aurelia, *Phylante*, *Sileno*, *Myrtilla*, &c.
W Here will your sorrow lead you ? Can your tears ;
 O're doors of Brass prevail, or Marble Walls,
 Or Savage man, less flexible than these ?

Phy. 'Tis yet imperfect night, and all is hush,
 As if her time was spent, and day was nigh.
 What means this early quiet, when our shades,

E

Con-

Converted to a Court, shou'd ring with noise,
 VVhich waits on Princes, and proclaims their state ?
 The hours that labour with our Fate are vex'd
 To bring the dreadful issue forth, and lag
 Behind their course. Forgive me, I am rude,
 My senses wand'ring make me hear your words,
 As things which came not from a Friend like you.

Aur. To speak you comfort, is I know in vain,
 All Counsel in excess of trouble's lost.

But what can you propose by coming here ;
 'Tis death for these to let you see the Prince:
 Or was it not, while you believe him safe,
 A minutes absence you may well endure.

Phyl. An age for you I suffer'd with content,
 An age of absence for my friend ; but then
 I thought him safe, and wou'd not wish for more.
 My eyes have seen him since, the pleasure's new,
 And I again must see him, or I dye.

Aur. You will, on us th' impending storm will fall,
 VVith us the Emprors wrath will end, with us
 His bounds and your despair will be no more.

Phyl. For you my heart weeps blood as well as him.
 My Pity thus divided, scarce can tell
 Where first she should her mournful office pay.
 She's us'd to visit you, the stranger claims
 His debt, and with a voice which will be heard.

Aur. You've reason, was it in your pow'r to act,
 The Guards remov'd, the rest you might o'recome.

Soft musick begins here, and continues till the other is perform'd.

Phyl. And these we'll conquer with the rest, if 'tis
 In Numbers, or in Notes to win on man.
 We'll move their hearts to listen to our pray'r,
 And when they're most defenceless tempt their faith.

Aur. On Souls dispos'd to yield you may succeed,
 But few will venture where the crime is death.
 This sooner will betray 'em from their trust,
 My Fathers Signet which I brought from Greece,
 That serv'd us in our flight, if pray'rs should fail,
 Produce it as the Emprors dread command.
 Be speedy in your Enterprize, and learn
 From whence this violence arose, and how
 We may, if possible, prevent its growth.

Phyl. 'Tis fatal to expose this Signet here,
 But still more fatal to remain in doubt.
 I'll try by softer means to make my way,
 This the last method I'll attempt to use.

Aur. I see 'tis time to leave you, and to heav'n
Will lift my vows, to prosper your design

Ex. Aur.

Phyl. Ye fair companions of my better days!
Come, minister your aid in my distress,
And with your tuneful airs compose my mind.

*She lies on a Couch, Musick plays louder, Scene opens and discovers Ni-
cias and Guards waiting on Adrastus.*

Shepherdess.

Underneath a Gloomy Shade,
By an antient Poplar made,
While the Zephyrs round her play,
Cloris thus complaining lay,
Where shall I Philander find?
Ecco answer'd her, Behind.
Thrice she turn'd and saw 'twas false,
Cursing Ecchoes lying tales,
Thus she mourn'd again, and said,
Where is my Philander fled?
From his Flocks, his Friends and Me;
When shall I my Lover see,
Whither turn to find him out?
Ecco answer'd her, About.

Shepherd. By Ecco thus mockt, on a Bank she reclines,
Resolv'd ne're to trust her complaint to the winds,
Till Cupid, who pity'd her Sorrow and Tears,
On the wings of a Dove to assist her appears.
Cupid is seen the Air.

Cupid. Love descends at your complaint,
He who knows what most you want.

Bids you to the Cave repair,
Where you us'd to vent your care,
You shall find your Lover there.
Bound by mighty Pan he lies,
Piercing with his grief the Skies.
There with your Companions go,
Try what Virgin Songs will do.
The force of Youth and Beauty try,
And Pan will yield as well as I.

Shepherd. We'll go the Cave where the Shepherd in Chains
Lies wrongfully punish'd for Crimes he abhors;
With our Layes we'll endeavour to lessen his pains,
And please him with singing the name he adores.
'Tis Cloris, who loves him, the Cloris he loves,
Who must use all her art to obtain him relief;

But

But she'll use it in vain, for her Harmony moves
Rocks only and Trees, and the Tyrant's still deaf.
Shepherdess. Happy, ever happy we,
Cou'd we see Philander free.
Love, the best and sweetest Care,
Is our only Torment here.

The Ghost of Orpheus arises.
Ghost of Orpheus. In vain, fair Nymph, with your Celestial art,
You strive to move a Mortal's heart.
Ev'n I, whose Musick hush'd the roar of Heil,
And made her Fiends forget their Pains,
When not one hideous groan, nor yell,
Was heard throughout the Stygian Plains;
Whose voice to things insensible was known,
And dancing Woods confess'd its wondrous power;
I ne'er could humane rage repel,
But by the Monster's fury sell,
Which often does her first begot, and darling Sons devour.
Cease your Heavenly notes a while,
You will soon your Lover see,
Keep your Songs till fate shall smile.
Fate has told you this by me.
Chorus. Haste, ye happy minutes, haste,
To Cloris her Lover restore;
And grant us, ye Gods, when this danger is past,
That Pan may torment us no more.

Nic. 'Tis all Enchantment, every thing I see,
And hear, and meet transports me, or I dream,
Or I have seen that Angel form before;
A fairer sure I never saw, nor heard
Such sounds in Greece, where first the Lyre was strung.

Phy. You seem surpriz'd.

Nic. And who without surprize
Can hear such harmony, or look on you.
I thought in woods to meet with none but Nymphs
Of humble make, and here I find a choir
Of Beauties, who may well adorn a Court.

Phy. This language in a Soldier we excuse,
Their words, like their profession, should be rough,
And when you speak us fair, we women think
'Tis meant to do us wrong.

Nic. To such as you,
'Tis equally impossible to speak
In harsher phrase, or mean to do you wrong.

Phy. If by your talk I might your temper guess,
I rather should believe you'd help our Sex,

That

That begg'd a service of you, tho it lookt
Like danger, than dismiss 'em with reproach.

Nic. For you, whate'er you ask, by heav'n! 'tis done,
My Master's honour, and his life secur'd.

Phy. My business is within.

Nic. Ha! I'm betray'd.

Madam, my Oath's still unprofan'd and you —

Phy. Deny'd — what less could I expect from man,
Than with one breath to swear, and be forsworn.

Nic. My Masters honour, and his life secur'd,
I swear again, whate'r you ask, 'tis done.

Phy. How if I saw the Prince, wou'd that concern
Your Masters honour or his safety?

Nic. Both.

His honour in my breach of his Command,
His safety in my serving of his Foe.

Shows the Signet.

Phy. This then is his command.

Nic. Which I obey.

Phy. I try'd your Loyalty, and found you true.
The Royal word that order'd this, forbids
Such liberty to all but me. Be just. *Enter Parm.*

Par. Is that the apartment of the *Thracian* Prince?

Nic. Yes.

Par. Or my Eyes deceive me, or I saw
A woman enter there.

Nic. You did, my Lord.

Par. By whose command?

Nic. The Emp'rors, she produc'd
His Signet.

Par. 'Tis impossible!

But now

We parted, and since last I saw thee, none

Have been allow'd to see him but my self.

Confusion! he has cheated me, or thou

Art by some idle tale abus'd, I'll know

The meaning of this Riddle, and by whom

Thy truth has been debauch'd. *Would Enter, & is stop't.*

Nic. My Lord forbear.

To you this liberty I must defend.

The Imperial Licence reaches only her.

Par. Oh Insolence! art thou too of their plots?

Let me no more be call'd the Emp'rors friend.

If I forget this Injury.

Nic. Yourself.

Permitted only such to pass as brought

My

My Masters Signet ; she was first, and I
 Have sworn to see the Emp'rors word obey'd.
 If pray'rs or charms that would have melted Rocks,
 Could have seduc'd me from my trust. To these
 I sooner had submitted than to threats.
 She tempted every sense to try my Faith,
 My Ears with Musick, that might match the Spheres,
 My Eyes with smiles that wou'd have won on Priests,
 And forc'd a Hermit to forget his Vow.

Par. From whence these racking thoughts ? it cannot be
 I tremble yet, as if my fears were true ;
 Amidst their sports a Virgin I beheld,
 Who seem'd the Goddess of their mirth, and such
 Was she, her Beauty and her Art conspir'd
 Alike, to triumph o're Mankind.
 Hadst thou ne're seen this Lady ? I grow mad.
 'Tis all Extravagance.

Nic. My Lord, I gaz'd
 So much, and with such pleasrre, I began
 To think I might have seen her oft in *Greece*.

Par. Where ?

Nic. In *Byzantium*.
 With the Princess.

Par. Ha !

If thou cou'dst, unconcern'd, imagin this,
 Tho reason is against me, what I feel
 Confirms my jealousies, and thy report.
 Six years the Princess has been lost, and Fame
 Not once has nam'd the place to which she fled.
Martian, the Captain of *Arcadius* Guards,
 Convey'd her ; him I still remember well.

True——These are wanderers, but they rose from Flocks
 And Herds to govern men——Besides, I ne're
 Have met *Antenor* till I came to *Rome*.
 Why, when the Emp'r or of the East descends
 To grace this Mansion with his presence, why
 Must she be sick at this unlucky hour ?
 Who owns it, and of whom we heard such talk.
 Sure, any one but he I serve, had guest
 E're now. What Treasure could support this cost,
 'Tis plain, this Lady *Nicias* is the same,
 For whom the Prince of *Thrace* remains in bonds,
 And in eternal bonds must soon be laid.

Nic. My Lord, you've rais'd suspicions in my breast,
 Which make me wonder we could err so long.

Phyl. crosses the Stage as from *Adraftus*.

Par.

Par. Then I will see. Distraction ! I am fixt,
My Limbs forsake me ; what is this but Love?

And who is she that awes me thus unseen ?

Phylante ! coming from my Rivals arms :

Ye Furies, can I fancy this and live ?

Time flies on nimble Wings, and I must haste,

Thou know'st of what importance 'tis to me

And thee, whose Fortune wholly lives on mine,

That since we have *Adrastus* in our power,

We ne'er may be in his — And if at last

Arcadius knows the secret we suspect,

Let this secure us both, and all the spoils

Of *Thrace* in equal portions shall be ours.

The Emp'r'or shall believe he gave the blow

Himself, and freed from him, suppose the worst,

The Princess with her pardon will be pleas'd.

Nic. All but my being, to your gift I owe,

Convinc'd, that if *Adrastus* escapes us now,

Not only you, my Lord, but I must fall,

Which best instructs me what to do.

Gives a Dagger.

Ent. Emp. & Train.

Parm. Enough —

The Emp'r'or; we from him must keep our doubts,

For he with rapture would receive the news,

And we should act in vain.

Arc. What further is discover'd, is our Host

In league for our destruction with the Prince,

Or holds he guilty Commerce with our Foes?

Par. You best can tell what Commerce, Sir, he holds

Your tydings are of later date than mine.

Arc. You speak in fables, has your Wisdom found

New plots, or are you weary of the old.

Parm. Whom you approve, my Lord, at least in me

'Twere folly to condemn. Perhaps my zeal

Already has transported me too far?

Arc. Our danger is your sport ; what means this change ?

Have you betray'd me to commit a deed,

Outrageous to the sanctity of Crowns.

And would you when you see your weakness, throw

The shame on us. No more, I am not now

Dispos'd to play with what concerns our life

Or honour.

Par. We have reason to believe.

You think, my-Lord, that you are safe in both.

The Lady, who this minute left the Prince,

Whose word could pass where mine was heard like wind,

She doubtless has convinc'd you you are safe.

Arc.

Arc. What Lady? Still you keep me on the Rack?

Who's this that has usurpt such mighty power?

Par. The pow'r was yours, your Signet licens'd all.

Arc. My Signet? see 'tis here— Nor have I seen
A humane Face but these since thine.

Par. Your Guards

Will tell you what has past of late. - I saw

A Woman enter, and the Signet shewn.

Nic. & Guard s. My Lord, 'twas yours, your Signet.

Arc. Treason all.

I'll have you to the Wheel, your Tongues will then
Speak Truth.

Par. My Lord, their truth deserves reward,

And those the torture who abus'd your name.

Arc. Excuse me, by thy Friendship 'tis I live
They cou'd not steel it from me.

Par. Not so soon

This mischief must be old, and form'd in Greece.

The Signet wrought by yours to be produc'd

On all extremities, their Plots should want.

I wou'd have enter'd, and have seen by whom

This trick was manag'd, but your Guards were told,

The Imperial Warrant reacht to none but her.

Arc. All falsehood; *Nicias*, keep your charge secure,

When safety is restor'd us with the day,

We'll leave this place of horror, and inflict

Those pains at leisure, which their crimes require.

The Roman Senate shall the Traytors Judge. *Enter Eud.*

Well, Sir, you seem to have affairs of haste,

Which claim immediate Audience: so have we.

Who's this with out our leave, presumes to wear

The Seal of Empire, which alone is ours,

And in our name to visit him, whom these

In strict Confinement hold?

Eud. My Lord,

Deceit's a stranger to this place, but where

Our business calls us, we wou'd think at least

This house was free, the rest I owe to you.

In peace I kept my Flocks before, and beg

That I again may hold my Crook in peace.

For if my hands a Sovereigns Scepter weild,

My heart will long to have a Sovereigns Right.

Arc. Princes you are, yet all depend on us,

As we on Heaven depend, nor dare you claim

A Sovereigns pow'r, where we are pleas'd to reign.

Eud. Happy ye Swains! who on the Mountain live,
Lords of your homely Cells, your Cells are yours,

And

And none disputes your right to govern there.
 Oh had you left me to my self, this Vale,
 The purchase of my labour, had been still
 The bounds of my Ambition ; but my Ear
 Charm'd with a Princes name, has taught my Soul
 To think indeed that I am here to reign.

Arc. We are not now to ask you whence this wealth,
 The Fleeces must be fine which yield such Gold,
 Not that of *Colchos* was a richer prize.
 A Guest shou'd only wonder, and as yours,
 All curious inquisition we forbear ;
 And while you're flusht with infant Grandeur, leave
 Such questions to some other place, and hour,
 Tho you, who can protest against our sway,
 And in our presence tell us what we ought.
 Possess of these, and visions of your right,
 May once grow dangerous, Sir, you rise too fast.
 This we can pardon, but provoke again,
 You may be sent to murmur with your Friend.

Eud. He is my Friend, which soon th'astonish'd world
 Shall see : nor wou'd he thus have us'd a wretch
 VVho su'd for Justice. I cou'd tell what name
 The men of antient *Greece* had giv'n to Kings,
 VVho to their Subjects wrongs wou'd thus reply.
 Go on — and listen to your Minions Tales.
 Howe'er, remember you too late shall know,
 Whom you have wrong'd, and curse their pois'nous tongues.

Arc. This Minute then we'll know. Guards!

Enter Alcan.

Eud. Off ye Slaves!
 For by the Majesty that awes my arm,
 He dies that in my house insults me first.

Arc. The Shepherd rages, leave him, he'll grow cool,
Rome is a milder air, and good to cure
 Distempers, which like his have seiz'd the blood.

Ex. Arc. and Train.

Eud. Must we like Captives then be led to *Rome*?
 VVait on his Chariot-wheels in chains, like those
 His Sword has conquer'd in the Field.
 This morning Sun beheld me on a Throne,
 And oft his beams reflected on my Brows,
 Have borrow'd lustre from the Crown I wore.
 And must I like a purchas'd Slave, be linkt
 With him, whom Nature and Desert have made
 My Friend, who suffers all, and dies for me?
 Must this inevitably be, and I

Submit with patience ? Curst be him who wears
The marks of Bondage when he might be free.
Alcander, are our Friends prepar'd ?

Alc. They are.

All arming for your rescue, but in vain,
The *Roman* Guard of every Pass possest,
Opposes all assistance from without,
A while to enter 'twas deny'd to me ;
Hadt't their Captain known me well, I scarce
My self had been allow'd to bring this news.

End. Who now will doubt to what this treatment tends,
We have been flatter'd with fallacious smiles,
Till things were ready for our solemn fall.
Why asks he not for her, whose crime his wrath
Once swore he neither wou'd forgive in her,
Nor in her memory ; does his heart relent,
And are we only destin'd to Revenge.
So well I love *Aurelia*, I wou'd yield
My self a Sacrifice for her with joy.

Adrastus — Why must he be punisht first ?
'Tis doubtful all but this — My friend's in Bonds,
And calls aloud for Liberty on me.
Oh had he known I tamely cou'd behold
My Brother bound and murder'd, how my ear
This morn had suffer'd with his just reproach.
One way is left us still, if that shou'd fail,
We'll charge the *Roman* Guard, and dye like men,
Tho Conquest oft has waited on Despair.

Alcander — let *Dametas* with his Band
Be ready, and assoon's the alarm is heard
Attack their Troop without, while I within
Thro all that dare oppose us force my way:
The rest we'll leave to fate. Howe're it ends,
'Tis brave to fall like Princes, and like Friends.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

 A C T V:

The Palace.

Scene an Apartment near the Emperor's.

Parmenio *solus.*

Par. OH Guilt ! Oh curst Remorse, the bane of rest,
Which swims above my fairest hopes by day,
And with black Visions haunts my dreams by night.
But what is guilt, or what remorse to me ?
The Cowards terrour, and the Preachers hell.
Words made to frighten fools, who dread the wheel :
Conscience ne're meddles with successful crimes.
The Conq'ror o're a thousand Murders sleeps,
The Miser steals with pleasure to his wealth,
Torn from the poor, and smiles with inward joy
While he who wants those riches, views his sins
With partial Eyes, and fancies then he feels
The Fury's whip, when hunger only stings. *Enter an Officer:*

Off. Our Master's danger will excuse my haste,
The Province is in arms, the foremost Guards
Discover by the light of flaming Spears,
Ten thousand men in martial order move,
And tow'rd's the Palace seem to bend their course.

Par. I thank thee fate, this minute then is mine,
It smiles propitious on my great designs.
Their folly will dispose the world to think
My Counsels just, and Heaven rewards my zeal.
What strength can you oppose to theirs ?

Off. At most
Five hundred ; but of these, the better half
Are Friends and Neighbours, and require to know
For whom they fight, and talk but ill of you.

Par. No more — You speak as if you lik't their talk.
Your Master soon will have it in his pow'r
To punish such as question his commands *Enter Eud.*
There are whose ears wou'd burn at such reports,
This Souldier here shall teach 'em to obey,

Correct their doubts, and lead 'em to the Foe.

Nic. The Prince of *Thrace*, my Lord, demands to see
The Emp'r, and has something to impart
Of high concern.

Par. No, *Nicias*, 'tis in vain,
The Emperor sleeps, and must not be disturb'd.
Had he confest when favour took his part,
His and his Friends dishonour had been sav'd.
Amyntor's Subjects are, it seems, in arms,
The *Roman* Guard in mutiny, and thou
Canst only bring 'em to obedience Both.
Go Leave the *Thracian* Prince to me.

Nic. Knows not the Emp'r of this strange revolt?

Par. Scarce if he did, would he believe it true,
His mercy finds excuses for his Foes.
Oft, in his changing humour, he resolv'd,
To free *Adrastus*, and perhaps my self
Had for my care been sent to wear his bonds.
Oh horror! that such goodness shou'd be wrong'd,
By those his bounty had so lately rais'd.
That in these shades, where virtue seems to dwell,
The Vice of Fiends, Ingratitude, should reign.
Go, *Nicias*, and be early in the War,
Nor stay their Charge, the Rebels may disperse.
And then we lose our moment of revenge.
Fall on the rout, the victory's secure,
Scarce worthy of thy Sword; but know that much
Depends on this, and great is thy reward.

Nic. I fly where most my Masters safety calls,
And by the Empires Guardian Angel swear,
The Treitors shall not scape, tho near the Throne.

Ex. Nic. and Officer.

Par. I like not that, this man was always brave,
But honest always, and has known too much.
No matter—He's remov'd, and now if Hell
Too glorious mischief ever was a Friend,
Too morrow's Sun shall see me first in pow'r,
And first in blis of all the race of man.

Enter Eud.

What brings *Amyntor* here? my Genius starts,
Whene're we meet, his presence bodes me ill.

Eud. Live business with the Emp'r.

Par. You're too late.

Eud. 'Tis of importance to his Life and Fame.

Par. To you, we know his Life and Fame are dear,
You might have told him when you saw him last.

Eud. 'Twas with a person I despise, and thought

Unworthy of the secret.

Par. Him you mean

Has Slaves, who scorn a Traytors odious name,
And of your secrets is too well inform'd.

Eud. Ha ! Have a care how thou insult me here,
Thou know'st thy Fate is in the Secret lodg'd.
Be wise. My patience will not suffer long.
Tempt me no more. Behold me yet at large,
Lord of this place, and Sovereign here.

Par. You talk indeed as if the World was yours:
But men are ever fond of what is new.

A Scepter looks but awkward in your hands,
So lately fully'd with a Crook. This House
Is yours, and this discourse becomes it well.

Eud. I have no leisure to dispute, I came
To see *Arcadius*.

Par. I ne're ask'd for what.
You might have spar'd this visit ; 'tis a time
For rest.

Eud. I shall not see him ?

Par. No. Ho, Guards.

Enter Guards.

Thro these and me you first shall force your way.

Eud. By heav'n thou durst not trust his ears with truth !

Par. I durst not trust him with the man whose Slaves,
A numerous Host, declare against his life.

Eud. Those Slaves shall quickly tear him from thy arms :
Of thee the mischiefs of this hour are born,
And thou severely shalt account for all.

Enter Alcander.

Par. Convince the Senate whence these mischiefs rose.
Hence ! to your post, and watch with double care. [*To the Guards*
Nor fear their numbers in so just a cause.

Nations and Kings will in our quarrel rise,
They've nothing to assist 'em but Despair.

Exit with Guards.

Eud. That portion e're the morning shall be thine :
Hell ne're receiv'd a blacker Soul, nor Earth
A more malicious Villain ever bred.
Night wastes apace, and e're the day returns,
There must be mighty changes in our Fates,
For he or I no more shall see it dawn.

What of *Dametas*, speaks *Parmenio* true ?

Alc. I left him in the Vale, ten thousand strong,

Lycon attends you in the Citron Grove,
With fifty chosen youth : The foe without
Forget, or never knew that pass ; within
But five are posted at the Gate, and those
We soon shall master, and with *Lycon* joyn.

Eud.

Eud. Thy news transports me, haste, secure the Guards,
 Be careful of their Lives, receive our Friends,
 Bar all the Palace Gates, and leave at each
 Sufficient strength, with charge to suffer none
 To enter or to pass, let *Lycon* know
 I wait his entrance in the Inner Court.
 I'll meet the Emp'rour like an Emp'rour's Son ;
 Nor on his Pity, or his Daughters Tears,
 Depend for pardon when I most am wrong'd.
 Oh, my *Adrastus*, thou shalt see I still
 Am worthy of the Heroes of our race.
 I fly to bring thee Freedom.

Ex. Alcander.

Ha, my Wife!

Enter Aur. Phyl. Sylvia.

Aur. Am I unwelcome to my Lord? Not thus
 He would have met me when our Loves were young.
 Why sits such thoughtful sorrow on thy brow?
 My eyes were wont to kindle joy in thine.
 Am I the cause of these distracting cares?
 Am I more happy that my heart can find
 Relief in Love, and only think of thee?
 Have you not seen my Father?

Eud. No, nor you.

Nor must I see him, till *Parmenio's* pleas'd.
 So far I prest it, that the Guards were call'd
 To stop my passage — Where are now your hopes?
 The Traitor proudly told me 'twas too late,
 And bad me prove my innocence in *Rome*.

Dametis with an Army is at hand,
 I will be heard, and will have Justice done.

Aur. *Dametis* is at hand, you will be heard,
 This stile with thirty Legions would agree,
 We dream of dangers which our fears create;
 And reason yielding to those fears, the ills
 At last prove real that our fancies form'd

Eud. Blame not a passion, which I learnt with love,
 Fear was till then a stranger to my Soul.
 I thought of losing you, and then I fear'd.
 'Twas then I trembled first, forgot my Sex,
 And felt a woman's softness in my heart.

Aur. Oh would that softness argue with me now,
 For ever you must lose me, if you go.
 Against you *Greece* will send forth all her pow'rs,
 And *Rome*, her Sister, turn her force on you.
 Where will your Army fly for refuge then?
 Their Flocks and Herds, their Virgins and their Wives,
 Their Woods, their Groves, will be the Soldiers' spoil,

And

And this fair Land of pleasure then lye waste,
While I abandon'd to my Father's rage,
Expos'd to Death, or what is worse, am left,
By all unpity'd, and by all forsook.

End. Say, wou'd you have me led in chains to *Rome*,
Shewn for a Monster to the gaping crowd,
And with my Brother, on a Scaffold fall
The Victim of a jealous Minions lust?
The Emp'rour leaves us with the Rising day,
My Foe is conscious of his guilt, and far
Will keep me from his Master's Ear, till *Rome*
Has seen my shame, and we can ne're be friends.
Oh no, *Aurelia*, things must ne're be thus,
Adrastus must be safe,
Arca dius undeceiv'd.

His honour's equally concern'd with mine,
Both by a perjur'd Villain are abus'd,
And by this Sword we will have justice both.
Farewel — To please thee wou'd be ruin,
But not to please thee I must hear no more.

Aur. Stay, my *Eudofius*, stay, he's gone, he's gone
To certain Death, nor gave a parting kiss,
Nor close embrace, but tore him from my arms,
My longing arms, that ne're must clasp him more.
What, am I grown a burden to his Heart,
Have I for this endur'd a Parents curse?
For this the Kingdoms of the world refus'd,
For this to Menial Offices comply'd,
And been as much his Servant as his Wife.
Oh man, oh false ungrateful man! Oh thou
Of all thy Sex most false, and most ingrate,
Where hast thou left me? but no matter where,
Since to be left for ever is a fate,
No circumstance of Woe can render worse.
My Father soon will seek me in his wrath,
And when his hard reproaches wound my ear,
Hadst thou been near me to relieve my shame,
And in thy bosom hide me from his frown,
His awful Brow had shot its darts in vain.
But now, thus destitute of help from thee,
My crimes appear so black, my Judge so fierce,
I dye with terrour, e're my doom is read.

Phy. When by our griefs, our reason is oppress'd,
How weak are all our arguments, how vain,
Has he not suffer'd equally with you,
And I who have no interest but yours,

Have not I had my share, and yet ev'n now,
When most I suffer, I repent it least :
Was nothing to his Brothers Injuries due,
Must poor *Adraftus* still remain in chains,
Or for his freedom wait his Rivals Nod?

Aur. Too morrow I had past thro Swords and Spears,
Thro pointed Deaths, and at my Fathers feet
Implor'd his pity, clung about his knees,
And of my Mothers beauteous Image full,
Hung on his neck, and bath'd it with my tears,
Till to our wish I had inclin'd his Soul.
But oh my Husbands useles Fury adds
New Fuel to his Flame, when Peace was nigh.

Phy. Cease, cease, these mournings, all things will be well.
The War is with *Parthenio*, not his Lord.
The Emp'ror will himself applaud his Son,
And when he sees his Favorite's curst designs,
Throw him with horror from his arms.

Par. (*within*) Oh my *Philante* !

Phy. Heard you not a voice ?

Aur. I did, it nam'd you, and the sound came thence.

Phy. Th'apartment where *Adraftus* is confin'd.
Sure 'twas his Genius, or my own, that call'd,
To warn me of our danger. Oh my heart !
Why sinks it in my breast, why shake my limbs ?
Why these ill Bodings, if my Prince is safe ?
Oh no, I see the bloody hand advanc'd,
The Dagger lifted high, his heart its aim.
Stop, stop, inhuman Butcher, strike it here,
The wound is mine, my Breast shall be his Shield.

Sylv. How well we counsel others, and how ill,
When our greifs disturb us, act our selves?

Aur. Where e're we turn, we meet with new distress.
New Scenes of woe, new Images of death.
Fly, *Sylvia*, from this most unhappy wretch,
This out-cast, this forsaken woman, fly,
My Friendship ruins what it holds most dear.

Syl. Madam, Retire, you're here too much expos'd :
Rous'd by the noise and perils of the night,
The Emp'ror arm'd with Thunder will appear,
And if he sees you in the first alarm,
How fatal may the meeting be to both.

Aur. Yes! here this *Jove*, this Thund'rer I'll expect,
I'll stand between my Lord and him, and bear
The dreadful weight of his resentment here.
On me the Tempest first shall break, on me

The edge of his insufferable rage
 Shall fall, till thus it strikes me to the Earth. *falls.*
 Thus low I'll blefs him with my latest sighs,
 And pray that his revenge may end with me. *Enter Emp. and Nic.*

Sylv. Oh save us, ye immortal powers, he comes.

Arc. Is he not dead ?

Nic. No.

Arc. Bring him forth.

Nic. My Lord !

The poison's in his brain, his Fancies rove
 On things extravagant, the Fever past,
 He may e're death be sensible and calm.
 What dropt from him before was only this,
Parmenio left the Cristal Bowl with him,
 Commanding when you call'd to give it you.

Arc. *Parmenio* ?

Nic. Yes, *Parmenio*.

Arc. Have a care,
 To name him thus is death,

Nic. I'll mark the man.

Then call him what you please, my Lord, 'twas he
 That from a Soldier rais'd me to command :
 To this high post, and plac'd me near the Throne.
 'Twas he, that from as vile Conditions rose,
 By *Cæsar's* favour next to *Cæsar's* rank.
 'Twas he that counsel'd you to break the league,
 And seize *Adrastus* in profoundest peace.
 'Twas he that charg'd me when the truth was known,
 To fix this Dagger in his Rival's heart,
 Then swear to you he gave the blow himself.
 'Twas he that bid me lead your Guards, and waste
 This Land with unexpected War. 'Twas he
 That left you to the service of his Slaves:
 For I in disobedience to his will,
 Unknown to him within the Palace stay'd,
 To watch your sleep, which else had been your last.
 When Hell and darkness tempted him abroad,
 To execute the Treasons he had form'd.
 'Twas he, that when *Amintor* would have shewn,
 How foul, how false, the charge against him was,
 Withstood his entrance, and by open force
 Compell'd the Prince by force to make his way.
 But oh ! Great Emp'r'r, what need I more,
 'Twas he by whom that high-born Princess dies,
 In whose fresh youth divine *Pulcheria* lives.

Sylv. Help ! help ! the Princess faints.

Arc. Oh Heav'n! oh Joy!

Sings

'Tis she, I know 'tis she, I feel her here,
Nature speaks loud, and points me to my Child.

Oh Daughter! oh *Aurelia*! oh my Tongue

Is lost with rapture, but with this, and this,

Embrace.

Once more I'll give thee life — she lives, she lives,

Thus lookt *Pulcheria* when she lookt her last,

That dying glance restores her to my Heart,

Which weaken'd with excess of joy, grows sick.

Faints.

Nic. My Lord, my Emp'r'r!

Aur. Where am I? Is not this the Land of Peace,

Where all things are forgiv'n, all are blest,

Did not my Father call me Child?

Syl. He did.

Behold him in your arms with transport lost.

Aur. Oh Father, Father.

Arc. Art thou then awake?

Aur. Forgive my heart, 'tis yet so busie, Sir,

My sins are banisht thence, and I can spare

No time to beg your pardon.

Arc. Name no more

What I shou'd ask, for all that's past was mine;

I speak not of thy Husband, he's my friend,

A thousand things to my remembrance bring

Both him and thee: The Signet, this retreat,

The flying rumours that *Eudofus* liv'd,

His Brothers Friendship, and the Princes Love,

Confirm these wonders.

Go *Nicias*, go my Souldier, seek my Son,

Go tell him how my arms are fill'd, and say

While they want him I think 'em empty still.

Oh had we met before! But then, my Child,

The great discovery we have made to night

Had still been distant, and *Parmenio* lov'd.

I bred and nurs'd a Serpent in my breast,

Whose venom'd sting against my life was aim'd.

Aur. We knew you wou'd not always hate us, Sir;

Nor drive your Children from you, and ere morn

Had told the secret with a kind surprize,

Had not his jealousy contriv'd these ills,

And fill'd this house with sorrow and despair.

Enter Officer.

Offic. My Lord, I waited on *Parmenio's* Slave,

Catcht his last words, and thus he dying said,

My Master put the Potion in the Cup,

I, curious of its richness, tasted, drank,

Fell down, when *Nicias* entering broke the Bowl.

Arc.

Arc. See that he scapes not: Bear him to the Rack.
 I could almost forgive him his offence
 To me : But what he meant my Children throws
 Him far from mercy.

Ex. Offic.

A Shout. Enter Eudofius, throws down his Sword, and
 kneels at the Emperors feet.

Oh my Son.

Eud. My Emp'ror, my Father, can you hear
 That word from me, and still preserve your smile?

Arc. Oh talk of nothing but of bliss to come,
 Let dark oblivion bury what is past,
 And perfect as our blessing be our joy,
 The world has nam'd your Vertues with applause,
 More to your merit than your birth you owe.
 Take, take your Wife, and be for ever blest.

Eud. Oh my *Aurelia*! have we liv'd to see
 This hour, and must we live another still.
 Forgive me, Sir, all Extasy is rude;
 'Tis new, we ne're could thus embrace before,
 Nor hope a blessing on the Nuptial Bed.

Nic. within. Bear down the Doors, the Pillars and the Walls,

Aur. Oh 'tis *Phylante's* voice. *A Woman shrieks.*

Arc. The kind companion of your youth.

Aur. Tis her's,

The Traytor loves her, and I dread his lust.

Sbrick.

Within. Help, help, the Prince, *Phylante.*

Eud. Ha, I'm wing'd

To rescue thee, and pray it be'nt too late.

Arc. How near destruction have I blindly walkt. *Exit.*

Aur. *Phylante*, oh my Sister.

Eud. within. Seize on the Traytor, and unbind the Prince,
 Throw wide the doors, and let the Fiend be seen.

*Scene opens, Adrastus appears (unbinding) Phylante in disorder,
 Parmenio (held by Soldiers) disfigur'd as by a woman, Nicias,
 Officer and all come forward.*

Eud. My Brother!

Adr. My Deliverer!

Phyl. My Preserver!

Eud. See,

Your Duty to the Emp'ror first.

Arc. Come to my arms, if you can think that one
 Who much has wrong'd you, can deserve your love:
 And thou, my other Daughter, welcome here.
 To Torture with that Villain, Whips and Death,
 Slow lazy Deaths, away—

*Guards carry off Par.
 Phyl.*

Phyl. Words are not black enough to paint his Crimes.

When in this place we parted last, I went

[*To Aur.*

And found, alas ! the Voice I heard was his.

He seiz'd me, caught me to his arms, and said,

He knew me when I visited the Prince.

He told me if I'd yield to be his Wife,

The morn should find me Mistress of the world :

For, as he swore, the Emp'r or was no more.

If not, he wou'd by force enjoy his wish,

When for my honour, and the Princes life,

To End.

Your timely succour came.

Arc. No tears, *Phylante* ! now, no sighs but such
As Lovers when th' expected minute comes

Can spare. To you, *Adrastus*, I am sure,

This present will be welcome. Take her, Prince;

Our self will witness to your Nuptial Vows ;

Thou, *Nicias*, to whose Loyalty we owe

Life, Children, Empire, all, thou next to these

In favour and in Friendship shalt be first.

Thrace shall again behold her darling Lord,

Whose Crown shall hence be regal, and the bounds

Of this fair Province, which I gave my Son,

Far as the *Adriatick* shall extend.

This to *Adrastus*, with his Bride I give.

Renew the sports these tumults have disturb'd,

With double Lustre gild the face of night,

That day approaching, may with wonder see

Alight Superiour to his own.

End. & Aur. Hear us, Oh Father ! grant our last request;

(*kneeling.*) Suffer no limits to your goodness, long

This Garden has been ours, and sweet its walks ;

To leave these Shades, and launch into the world,

Looks frightful to our Natures, fond of rest.

Oh let *Adrastus* wear the Crown of *Thrace*,

This people and this Valley only ours,

Where hand in hand, we may frequent its Groves,

Talk of past changes, and rejoice in this.

There with the morning and the Evening Sun,

With pray'rs for you and Greece we'll visit Heaven :

Nor will we here be negligent of fame ;

For Love and Glory shall divide our care.

And thus like persons who have reacht the shoar,

With pleasure we'll look back upon the Waves,

And hear the Billows roar, and see 'em foam,

While we securely tread the solid Main.

Arc. Of this hereafter we'll resolve.

Eud. And now

Let all our Military Train disperse,
Let only those who wait upon our sports
Attend, let Love and Mirth succeed our Cares,
And Arms and Battles yield to softer Wars.

End of the Fifth Act.

Scene the Temple of Love.

Cupid is seen lying in his Mothers Lap.

Cupid. **A** Ppear, old Hymen, from thy Cell,
Where unspotted Pleasures dwell;
Where thy Torch with Beauteous light
Triumphs o're the shades of night.
Come, at Cupid's dread command,
Joyn these happy Lovers hand:
Let 'em be for ever joyn'd,
He be constant, she be kind.

Brisk Musick, while Hymen comes forward.

Hymen. Love they say is my God, tho to tell you the truth,
I think he's at best but a slippery youth.
He bids me come to you, ye wonder I came
No sooner; why as I grow old I grow lame;
By which it falls out, as mayhap it does here,
I oft come a day or two after the Fair.

Priest of Love. Hymen joyns you, happy pair,
Taste the sweets of harmles pleasure.
Joys which you v. no need to fear,
Without guile and without measure.
Love has blest thee, happy Swain,
Go possess his richest Treasure,
Happy Maid you blush in vain,
Duty now is joyn'd with Pleasure.

Three Pr. of Love:

To Love we'll lasting homage pay
For the high blessings of this day;
New Altars to his name we'll raise,
And ev'ry Tongue shall speak his praise,
And ev'ry Heart his pow'r adore,
For none can hurt or bless us more.

*Votary. The Hero his Laurels to Love shall resign,
 The Courtier his Pride, and the Toper his Wine;
 The Saint his Devotion, the Virgin her Vow,
 All states and conditions, the high and the low,
 All Ages and Sexes to Cupid shall bow.*

Chorus. The Saint his Devotion, &c.

Grand Chorus.

*Raise you Notes, and lift 'em high,
 Love's Immortal Praises sing,
 O're the Valley let 'em ring,
 For Musick charms the powers above amidst their mighty joy.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Writ by Mr Farquhar.

Time was when Poets rul'd without disputes,
Turn'd Men to Gods, transform'd their Gods to Brutes.
Our Poets change the Scene, with mighty odds
Make Men the Brutes, make nothing of their Gods.
Tis strange to see by what surprizing skill,
Things are transform'd by Brothers of the Quill.
No more than this — high — Presto — pass,
Great Jupiter's a Bull — Great Beaux's an Ass.
Whene'er they please to give their thoughts a loose,
Jove's made a Swan, your Alderman's a Goose.
Things of most differing forms too we may find,
By spells of Poetry in one combin'd.
The blustering Face, which Red-Coats bear about,
Is the false Flag which Cowards still hang out;
And that shall huff, and rant, swear loud and ban,
Hector his God, and yet be kickt by Man.
They make the Villain look precise and grave,
And the poor harmless Cit, a thriving Knave.
Strange contradictions ! reconcil'd we see,
They sometimes make even Man and Wife agree.
Poets of Old chang'd Io to a Cow,
But what strange Monsters Women are made now ?
Females with us, without the Poet's grand,
Change often to the worst of Beasts, a Bawd.
There are but two things from all change secure,
Nought can transform a Poet or a Whore.
Others for being chang'd, their Stars may blame,
Their punishment is this — still they're the same,
Like paint on Glass that's valu'd at such cost ;
Poets ne're fade, altho the Art be lost.

FINIS.

BOOKS printed for R. Parker, at the Unicorn
under the Royal Exchange in Cornhil.

CHaron of Wisdom, 2 Vol. translated by Dr Stanhope.
Echards Roman History, from the building of the City, to
the removal of the Imperial Seat, by Constantine the Great,
two Volumes.

Revolutions in Sweden, occasioned by the change of Religion,
and alteration of the Government in that Kingdom. Written
in French by the Abbot Vertot, translated by Dr Mitchel.

Genes Voyage to Africa.

Modest Critick by Rapin.

Poems on several occasions, written in imitation of the manner
of Anacreon, with other Poems, Letters, and Translations. By
Mr Oldmixon.

Gentlemans Journal, or Monthly Miscellany. By Mr Motteux;
either whole sets or single ones.

Bushy's Greek Grammer.

Cambridge Phrases.

Sydenham's compleat method of curing almost all Diseases, and
description of their Symptoms, with an abridgment of 5 dis-
courses of the same Author, viz. The Pleurisy, Gout, Hyste-
rial Passion, Dropsy, and Rheumatism.

Art of preserving and restoring health, &c.

Beraults Latin Grammer, &c.

A Vocabulary of all the Verbs in the Latin Tongue, with their
Preter Tenses and Supines, with the case they govern in con-
struction, by A. Paterson.

The usefulness of the Stage to the happiness of Mankind, Go-
vernment and Religion, occasioned by Mr Collier's view of the
Stage, &c. By Mr Dennis.

An Account of a Voyage from Archangel in Russia, in the year
1697.

P L A Y S.

Plot and no Plot, a Comedy by Mr Dennis.

Novelty, every Act a Play, by Mr Motteux.

Beauty in distress, a Tragedy, by Mr Motteux.

Iphigenia, a Tragedy by Mr Dennis.

Unhappy Kindness, or the fruitless Revenge, a Tragedy, by Mr
Scot.

Neglected Virtue, or the Unhappy Conquerer.

Loves last shift or the Fool in Fashion by Mr Cibber

Amyntor a Pastoral by Mr Oldmixon.

F I N I S.